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THE ULTIMATES

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MARVEL

DIRECT EDITION

PARENTAL ADVISORY



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HUSTON
DEODATO
SOOK

PREVIOUSLY IN THE ULTIMATES:

When faced with Nazi Germany's military advances, the U.S. government decided that the best weapon against them was a person, not a bomb. With this in mind, Steve Rogers volunteered for a covert military experiment that turned him into Captain America. After a few years of exemplary service, Captain America fell in battle—his body wasn't recovered.

Years passed and Captain America was found frozen in suspended animation. When he awoke, he was convinced to join Iron Man, The Wasp, Giant Man, Black Widow, Hawkeye, and Thor in forming the superhuman defense initiative run by Nick Fury, called the Ultimates.

Sam Wilson, a.k.a. the Falcon, is a scientist and field agent of Fury's elite espionage organization, S.H.I.E.L.D. Wilson teamed up with Captain America to combat the space-born threat called Gah Lak Tus.

More recently, America itself has been invaded by hostile foreign superhumans. The nation has been devastated, and Cap and the Falcon try to pick up the pieces...



THE ULTIMATES

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present-day

**Ryan
SOOK**
PENCILS
flashbacks

**Joe
PIMENTEL**
INKS
present-day

Wade von GRAWBADGER
with **Scott KOBLISH**
INKS
flashbacks

**Rain
BEREDO**
COLORS
present-day

**June
CHUNG**
COLORS
flashbacks

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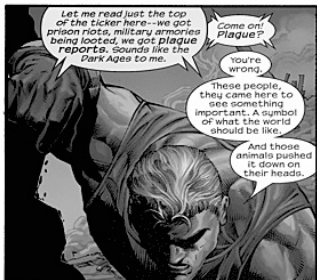
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"...someone has
to look after
the dead."

Now that
these "heroes"
have their glory,
they just don't care
about the rest
of us.

And a quick
pause in this debate,
folks, a couple commercials
and we'll be back from
our studios in
Miami, Florida.

Do you
suffer from
sleepless
nights?







"All by myself
in the morning."

"All by myself
in the night."

"I sit alone with a
table and a chair.
So unhappy there.
Playing solitaire."

"All by myself I get
lonely. Watching the
clock on the shelf."

"I'd love to rest
my weary head on
somebody's shoulder."



"I hate to grow older all by myself."

Irving Berlin's "All By Myself". Heart-breaking. And we'll have more music on the AM Singers and Standards Show just after the headline news.

FEMA reports that water and power have been restored to ninety percent of Manhattan residents...

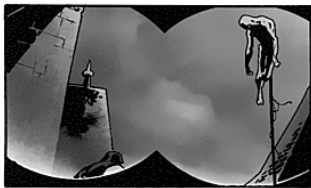
...while General Winston Hubble continues to paint a grim picture of post-occupation fallout away from major population centers.



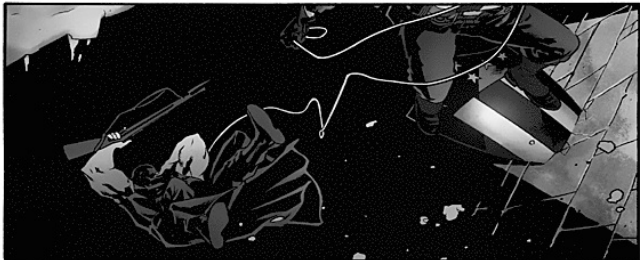
A bulletin from the Centers for Disease Control states that autopsies conducted on the so-called ghost corpses found in southern Missouri show no sign of infectious disease...



...while offering no explanation as to why all the ghost corpses seem to be of non-Caucasian origin. Well, just because the news is bad, that doesn't mean the music has to be...

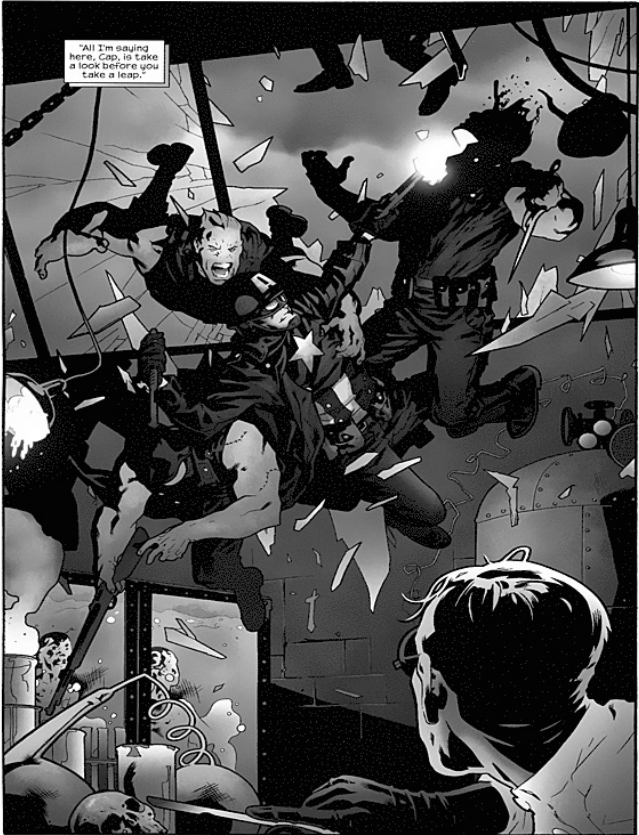








"All I'm saying
here, Cap, is take
a look before you
take a leap."





Captain
my Captain!
A delight to
see you.

I knew
it! He's
alive!



Where
is he?

Where am
I, Captain?

Tell me
where to
find him!

Find me
in hell!

Easy,
Cap.



You don't understand.
I've dealt with him.
He's evil!

Ja, ja,
evil, it is
true!

He's not
evil, man,
he's nothing.
He's dead.

Dead! Evil
and dead!

No! No! I
thought he
was dead! But
I never saw
him die! He's
here! You saw
the pictures!

Schlecht
und tot!



You saw
the pictures
of the ghost
corpses.



Yeah, I
saw the
pictures...



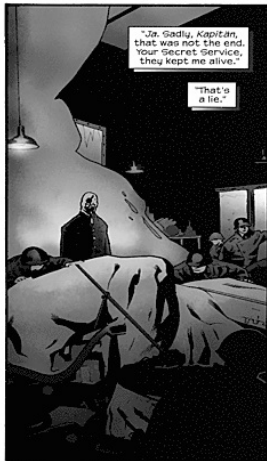


"Crushing evil, man."



"It's what you do."

"Just, that wasn't the end of it."



"Ja. Gadiy, Kapitän, that was not the end. Your Secret Service, they kept me alive."

"That's a lie."



"It's not, Cap. O.S.S. kept him alive and brought him over to work on the postwar Super Soldier program."

"Though I am no longer the man I was."

"Don't listen to him, he's not a man at all. He's dead."

"It is as der Schwarze says, I am nichts."



"They mapped his brain before the tumors could eat it. Created an Artificial Intelligence. Didn't want to lose all that crazy intellect."

"Ja, to develop weapons! And it appears one of my weapons is loose, ja? The Weiber Staub. My White Pust. So beautiful."



"So good to know some part of me is still in the world. Ich bin nur der Geist in dieser maschine."



Then die again, ghost.

What the hell is wrong with everyone born after 1945?

And what the hell are you doing here anyway, Falcon?



I thought I'd go with you to find out who's making live brown people dead and white.

Seeing this?

Yes.



"Some of those vehicles have G.P.S. signatures of ones taken from the armory where the Zola A.I. is housed."

"Where the first bodies were found."

"I'm bringing us around."



Incoming.

Evasive, soldier!

Too small for aircraft. Nothing's got a lock on us, no tone.





Off the ground and into the air, soldier!

Just as soon as my spine heals.



They're not going anywhere we can't find them. I'm on their G.P.S. signal. Got them tracked. And what the hell is *that*?

Some huge data bursts, out where they're headed. Serious encryption.

You get airborne and keep them in visual. I'll look for motorized transport. But you do not engage without me. I repeat, no engagement without me. Understood?



Cap, I know you tend to get caught up in the moment. And I know this is personal for you. But for the record, I'm not looking to be an ultimate. I'm just looking to help some brothers out.

So, for the permanent record, do not treat me like your Step-and-Fetchit noncom ever again. Understood?



I didn't ask you to come.

And yet, here I stand. As opposed to being safe at home in N.Y.C. And there you stand. As opposed to being Mr. Splatto.

I've fallen farther.



Whatever. Doesn't change the fact that the wings are damaged. Nano-bots are repairing them, but it's gonna take time. I'm on A.T. till then.

That still stand for alternate transportation?

Yep. 'Course, you might have a better shot at hitching a ride in southern Missouri than I will, Cap.

Nonsense.



You ready to take a crack at this?

They're scared, Sam. They won't stop for me just because I'm a different color.

What say we test that theory?



I don't like to say I told you so. But...

How can you stand it? The lack of progress?

Let's not get into this, shall we.

Colored people and the lack of... I mean...



Black people and the... African-Americans and... stop giving me that look. You know what I mean.

Gure, you mean you don't know what the hell you're talking about but I should act like you do because you mean well.

That's not--

Hey, no problem, just because they call you Captain America, doesn't mean you should be different from any other white guy.



No. It just means that my head and my heart tell me it's 1945. They tell me that when I switch on the radio, it should take a minute to warm up and music should come out, not noise and foul language.

They tell me that when I talk about God as something real, people should understand, not look away as if I'm crazy.

They tell me that I should be winning a war that will make the world free and everyone equal--not looking at the sad result of sixty years of compromise and lowered expectations.



"They tell me that I'm just a man. No better than any other. But no worse."



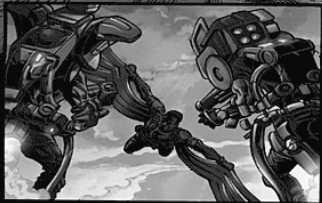
Well. Sixty years. Let me tell you, man, you missed some \$#!&.



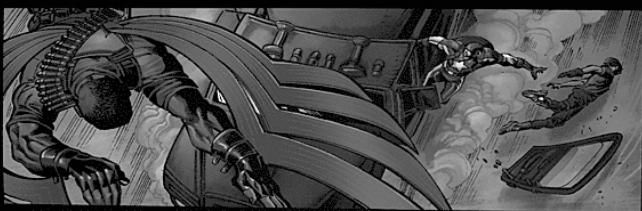












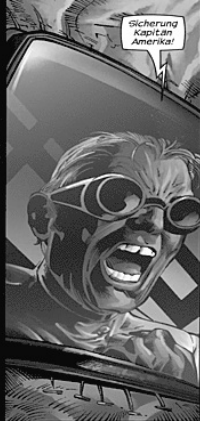






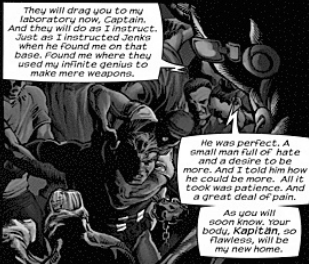
And call
me Arnim
Zola.

HEIL ZOLA!
HEIL ZOLA!
HEIL ZOLA!





They will drag you to my laboratory now, Captain. And they will do as I instruct. Just as I instructed Jenks when he found me on that base. Found me where they used my infinite genius to make mere weapons.



He was perfect. A small man full of hate and a desire to be more. And I told him how he could be more. All it took was patience. And a great deal of pain.

As you will soon know, your body, Kapitän, so flawless, will be my new home.



I don't think they'll let you, Zola.



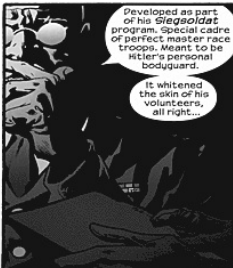
Let me?
Who is there to stop me?



Your betters.





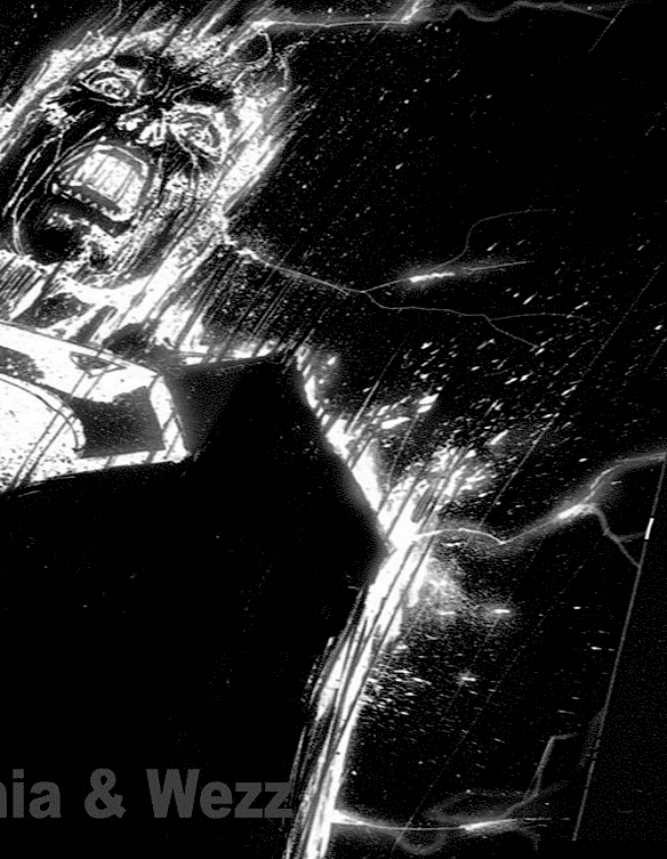








DCP scan by Krypton



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